

1820

I'd be a Butterfly

Thomas Haines Bailey

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204

I'd be a Butterfly.

S a
B A L L A D

Sung by

M^{rs} Sharpe,

at the

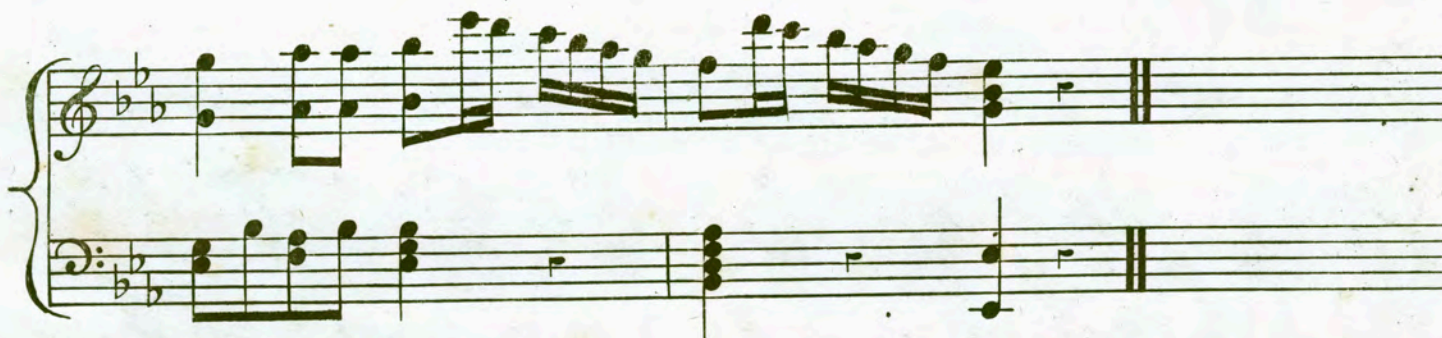
PARK THEATRE.

The Words & Music by

Thomas Haines Bailey.

BOSTON: Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

Allegretto
Ma non troppo
Presto.



I'd be a Butterfly born in a bow'r, Where ROSES and LILIES and VIO-LETS meet;

Ro-v-ing for e-ver from Flower to flower, and kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

I'd never languish for wealth or for power, I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet, I'd be a Butterfly

lento. *Cad: A Tempo. ad lib.*

born in a bow'r, And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet. I'd be a Butterfly

8va

I'd be a Butterfly kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

*loco**

I'd be a Butterfly . 4 .

* loco Excepting on Piano Fortes with extra additional Keys.

Oh cou'd I pilfer the wand of a fairy, I'd have a pair of those beauti-ful wings; Their

summer day's ramble is sportive and ai-ry, They sleep in a rose when the Nightingale sings.

Those who have wealth must be watchful and wa-ry, Pow-er alas! nought but misery brings - -

A Tempo.
I'd be a Butterfly sportive and airy Rock'd in a Rose when the Nightingale sings. I'd be a Butterfly

I'd be a Butterfly Rock'd in a Rose when the Nightingale sings.

SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.

What though you tell me each gay little ro-ver, Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;

Sure-ly 'tis better when summer is o-ver, To die, when all fair things are fading away,

Some in life's winter may toil to discover, Means of procuring a weary delay. I'd be a Butterfly

Cadenza. ad lib: A Tempo.

Living a rover Dy-ing when fair things are fading a-way. I'd be a Butterfly,

8va

I'd be a Butterfly, Dying when fair things are fading a-way.